THE STATURE OF THE MAN. Does any one know of a reason, I pray-Ut a good solid reason, I mean— Why one who must labor may not,

play, In the fair fields of poesy glean? And who need complain if his ho fling

From a hand that is horny with toil,

And try, from his brain, with a steel pen,

What he never can dig from the soil?

It may be, indeed, that when muscle and bone
With fatigue are all aching and sore,
The brain, though with knowledge it thickly
be sown,
With rejuctance will yield up its store,
And yet it will yield—if the treasure be there—
As of old at a touch of the rod
The rock in old Horeb poured forth, free and
fair.

cool stream for the people of God.

But, if from one's youth brain all fallow lain,
And if only with bone and with brawn
One toils as the ox, then 'tis greatly in vain,
For his intellect still waits its dawn.
And what of the man if his intellect sleep—
Who but works, cats and slumbers away
The days of his years? He in darkness mu

creep.
Who should walk in the white light of day. "The mind," one has writ, "is the stature man,"
Little worth are one's lands and one's gold
If soul must be stunted—if brain must be banIf the man may not ever unfold.
The wealth of the Indies can not make amen

If we miss all the treasures that hide a books, which the hands of the mast have penned. To console, to instruct us and guide.

That man surely labors with skill none less
Who, in leisure, the wide realm surveys,
Where thought seeks forever all minds to

Where the lightning of genius plays. Then shun the drear lowlands, with fo lain; Climb the bright, sunny highlands of life,

Where vast, pleasant prospects the far chain,
And forget, in the pleasure, the strife,
—J. B. Walter, M. D., in N. Y. Tribune

CLEOPATRA

Being an Account of the Fall a Vengeance of Harmachis, the Royal Egyptian,

AS SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND

By H. RIDER HAGGARD, Author of "King Solomon's Mines "She," "Allan Quatermain,"

Etc., Etc., Etc. Pliustrated by NICHOLL, after CATON WOO.
WILLE and JREIFFENHAGEN.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE PLAN OF CHARMION; CONFESSION OF CHARMION, AND ANSWER OF HARMACHIS. shame sank into my

Heaven! Could the wide to another man in the wide world so steeped in sorrow as I was that night! Surely not one! Where should I night! Surely not one! Where should I turn! What could I do! And even through the tempest of my torn heart the bitter voice of jeniousy called aloud. For I loved this woman, to whom I had given all; and she at this moment—she was—Ah! I could not bear to think of it; and in my utter agony my heart burst forth in a river of tears such as are terrible to weep!

where the solution was weeping.

"Weep not, Harmachis!" she sobbed, kneeling at my side. "I can not endure to e weep. Oh! why wouldst thou not be happy, and not so now. Listen, Harmachis! Thou didst hear what that false and tigerish woman said—to-morrow she hands thee over to the murderers!

"It is well," I gasped.
"Nay, it is not well. Harmachis, give ber not this last triumph over thee. Thou hast dost all save life; but while life remains hope remains also, and with hope the chance

khither once again, whereof the Captain is known to me, but to thee he is not known. I will find thee the garb of a Syrian merchant, and cloak thee as I know how, and furnish thee with a letter to the Captain of the galley. He shall give thee passange to Alexandria, for to him thou wilt seem but as a merchant going on the business of thy trade. "Tis Brennus who is Captain of the Guard to-night, and Brennus is a friend to me and thee. Perchance he will guess somewhat; or, perchance, he will had sinned for naught, that on the

"Rest thou then here, Harmachis, while I make these matters ready; and, Harmachis, grieve not overmuch; there are others who should grieve more heavily than thou." And she went, leaving me alone who should grieve more heavily than thou." And she went, leaving me alone with mine agony that rent me like a torture-bed. Methinks, had it not been for that flerce desire of vengeance which from mind as the quick lightning o'er a midnight

swered, yawning, that if they but had the pass word, 'Antony,' fifty Syrian merchants might go through about their lawful busi-ness. And nere is the letter to the Capness. And nere is the letter to the Cap-tain—thou caust not mistake the galley, for she is moored along the right—a small galley, painted black, as thou dost enter on the great quay, and, moreover, the sailors make ready for sailing. Now will I wait here without while thou dost put off the divery of thy service and array thyself."

When she was gone I tore off my gor-geous garments and spatupon them and trod them on the ground. Then I put on the modest roberf a merchant, and bound round me the tablets, on my feet the sandals of untanned hide, and at my waist the knife. When it was done, Charmion entered one again and looked on me.

"Too much art thou still the Royal Har-achis," she said. "See, it must be unged."

"Now art thou changed—somewhat for the worse, Harmachia," she said, with a dreary laugh; "scarce myself should I know thee. Stay, there is one more thing," and going to a chest of garmenta, she drew thence a heavy bag of gold.
"Take thou this," she said; "thou wilt

"I can not take thy gold, Charmion." "I can not take thy gold, Charmion."

"Yea, take it. It was Sepa who gave it to me for the furtherance of our cause, and therefore 'tis fitting that thou shouldst spend it. Moreover, if I want it, doubtless Antony, who is henceforth my master, will give me more; he is much beholden to me, and this well he knows. There, waste not the precious time in haggling o'er the pelf—not yet art thou all a merchant, Harmachis;" and, without more words, ahe thrust the pieces into the leather hag that hung across my shoulders. Then she made fast the sack containing the spare garments, and so womanly thoughtful was she, hid therein an alabaster jar of pigment, wherewith I might stain my countenance afresh, and taking the broidered robes of mine office that I had cast off, hid them in the secret passage. And so at last all was made ready.

made ready.

"Is it time that I should go!" I asked.

"Not yet awhile. Be patient, Harmachis; for but one little hour more must thou endure my presence, and then, perchance, farewell forever."

I made a gesture signifying that this was no hour for share words.

no hour for sharp words.

"Forgive me my quick tongue," she said;
"but from a salt spring do bitter waters
well. Be seated, Harmachis; I have heavier
words to speak to thee before thou goest."

"Say on," I answered; "words, however heavy, can move me no more."
She stood before me with folded hands, and the lamp light shone upon her beauteous face. Idly I noticed how great was its pallor and how wide and dark were the rings about the deep black eyes. Twice she lifted her white face and strove to speak, twice her voice failed her; and when at last it came 'twas in a hoarse whisper.

"I can not let thee go," she said—'I can not let thee go unwitting of the truth. Harmachis, 'twas I who did betray thee!"

I sprang to my feet, an oath upon my lips; but she caught me by the hand.

"Oh, be seated," she said—"be seate and hear me; then, when thou hast hear do unto me as thou wilt. Listen! from do unto me as thou wilt. Listen! from that evil moment when, in the presence of thy uncle Sepa, for the second time I set eyes upon thy face, I loved thee—how much, little canst thou guess! Think upon thine own love for Cleopatra, and double it, and double it again, and, perchance, thou mayst come near to my love's mighty sum. I loved thee, day by day I loved thee more, till in thee and for thee alone I seemed to till in thee and for thee alone I seemed to live. But thou wast cold—thou wast worse than cold; thou didst deal with me not as a breathing woman, but rather as the instru-ment to an end—as a tool wherewith to ment to an end—as a tool wherewith to grave thy fortunes. And then I saw—yea, tong before thyself thou knewest to the last bitterness of shame sank into my soul. This, then, was soul. This, then, was
the end! For this I
had betrayed myoaths;
for this I had told the
secret of the Pyramid;
for this I had lost my
Crown, my honor, and,
perchance, my hope of
Heaven! Could there
and within ma more wing. Harmachis! Oh
the shame of it!—thou, in thy foolishness,
didst make a mock of me! I went thence,
and within ma more wing. which can tear a woman's heart, for now lawhich can tear a woman's heart, for now laws sure that thou didst love Cleopatra!

Ay, and so mad was 1, even that night was I minded to betray thee; but I thoughtnot yet; not yet; to-morrow he may soften. Then came the morrow, and all was ready for the bursting of the great plot that should make thee Pharaob. And I, too, came—thou dost remember—and again thou didst thou dost remember—and again thou didst put me away when I spake to thee in para-bles, as something of little worth, as a thing bles, as something of little worth, as a thing too small to claim a moment's weighty thought. And, knowing that this was because—though knewest it not—thou didst love Cleopatra, whom now thou must straightway slay, I grew mad, and a wicked spirit entered into me, possessing me utterly, so that no longer was I myself. And because thou hadst scorned me, this, to my everlasting shame and sorrow I did!—I passed into Cleopatra's presence and be-

I gasped and satsilent; and gazing sadly at me she went on: "Ah!" I said, starting from my seat. "I had not thought of that. Ay, the chance of vengeance! It would be sweet to be avenged!"

"It would be sweet, Harmachis, and yet this—Vengeance is an arrow that in falling oft pierces him who shot it. Myself—I know it," and she sighed. "But a truce to talk and grief. Time will there be for us twain to grieve, if not to talk, in all the heavy coming years. Thou must fly—before the dawning of the light must thou fly. Here is a plan. To-morrow, ere the dawn, a galley that but yesterday came from Alexandria bearing fruit and stores sails thither once again, whereof the Captain is the captain in the captain is the captain "Ah!" I said, starting from my seat. "I "When she understood how great was will guess somewhat; or, perchance, he will had sinned for naught, that on the not guess; at the least, the Syrian merchant shall safely pass the lines. What sayest of my betrayal, and that I had but ruined nou!"
"It is well," I answered wearily; "little the man I loved to the arms of wanton

trayed thee and those with thee, and all our holy cause, saying that I had found a writ-ing which thou hadst let fall and read all

Egypt."
She bowed her head awhile, and then, as "Let all my sin be told, Harmachis, and the lives of those in the plot whom she had meshed, bethinking her that if she wedded sea, my reason had left me in that dark hour. At length I heard her footstep at the door, and she entered, breathing heavily, for in her arms she bore a suck of clothing.

Heard her footstep at the heart of Egypt, which loves not her nor any Ptolemy. And then, once again she entray to her the secret of the hidden wealth All is well," she said; "here is the garb with spare linen, and writing tablets, and all things needful. I have seen Brennus also, and told him that a Syrian merchant would pass the guard an hour before the dawn. And, though be made pretense of sleen, methlabe. oath and marry thee. But on the very morn when Dellius came for answer she sent for me, and, teiling me all—for my wit, above any, she holds at price—demanded of me my judgment whether she should defy Antony and wed thee, or whether she should put the thought away and come to Antony. And I—now mark thou all my sin!—I, in my bitter jealousy, rather than I would see her thy wedded wife and thou her loving lord, counseled her most strictly that she should come to Antony, well knowing, for I had had speech with Dellius—that if she came, this weak Antony would fall like a ripe fruit at her feet, as indeed, he has fallen. And tonight have I shown thee the issue of the scheme. Antony loves Cleopatra and Cleo-

night have I shown thee the issue of the scheme. Antony loves Cleopatra and Cleopatra loves Antony, and thou art robbed, and matters have gone well for me, who of all women on the earth to-night am the wretchedest by far. For when I saw how thy heart broke, but now my heart seemed to break with thins, and no longer could I bear the burden of my evil deeds, but knew that I must tell them and take my punishment.

h! I have ruined thee, I have m, and myself also have I ruined death reward me! Blay thou me, Har machis! Gladly will I die upon thy sword ay, and kias its blade! Blay thou me, and go; for if thou slayest me not, myself will ! surely slay!" And she threw herself upon surely slay!" And she threw herself upon her knees, lifting her fair breast toward me, that I might smite her with my dagger. And, in my bitter fury, minded was I to strike, for above all I thought how, when I was fallen, this woman, who herself was my cause of shame, had scourged me with her scorn. But hard it is to slay a fair woman; and even as I lifted my hand to strike I remembered that now twice had she saved my life.

"Woman! thou shameless woman!" I said, "arise! I slay thee not! Who am I, that I should judge thy crime, that with mine own do overtop all earthly judgment?"

ment?"
"Slay me, Harmachia i" she moaned; "slay
me or I slay myself! My burden is too great
for me to bear! Be not so deadly calm! Curse me and slay!"
"What was it that thou didst say to me

"What was it that thou didst say to me anon, Charmion—that as I had sown so must I reap! It is not lawful that thou shouldst alay thyself; it is not lawful that I, thine equal in sin, should slay thee, because through thee I sinned. As flow hast sown, Charmion, so must flow also reap. Sase woman! whose cruel jealousy hath brought all these woes on me and Egypt, live—live on, and from year to year pluck the bitter fruit of crime! Haunted be thy alseen by visions of the outraged Gods. sleep by visions of thy outraged Gods, whose vengeance awaits thes and me in their dim Amenti! Haunted be thy days by memories of that man whom thy flerce love did bring to ruin, and by the sight of Khem a prey to the insatiate Cleopatra and a slave to Roman Antony."

man Antony." "Oh, speak not thus, Harmachis! Mor-"On, speak not thus, Harmachis! More sharp are thy words than any sword, and more surely, if more slowly, shall they slay! Listen, Harmachis," and she grasped my robe; "when thou wast great and all power lay within thy grasp, thou didst reject me. Wilt reject me now that Cleopatra hath cast thee from her—now that thou art poor and shamed, and with no nillest to the poor and shamed, and with no pillow to thy nead? Still am I fair, and still I worship thee! Let me fly with thee, and make atonement by my life-long love. Or, if this be too great a thing to ask, let me be but as thy too great a thing to ask, let me be but as thy sister and thy servant—thy very slave, so that I may still look upon thy face and share thy trouble and minister to thee. O Harmachis, let me but come and I will brave all things and endure all things, and naught but Death himself shall spear me from thy side. For I do believe that the love that sank me to so low a depth, dragging thee, can yet lift me to an equal height, and thee with me."
"Wouldst tempt me to fresh ain, woman!

lift me to an equal height, and thes with me."

"Wouldst tempt me to fresh sin, woman! And dost thou think, Charmion, that in some hovel where I must hide, I could bear, day by day, to look upon thy fair face, and seeing, remember, that those lips betrayed me! Not thus easily shalt thou atone! This even now I know: Many and heavy shall be thy lonely days of penance! Perchance that hour of vengeance may yet come, and perchance thou shalt live to play thy part in it. In the Court of Cleopatra must thou still ablde, and while thou art there, if yet I live, I will from time to time find means to give thee tidings. Perchance a day may dawn when once more I shall need thy service. Now, swear that, in this event, service. Now, swear that, in this event, thou wilt not fail me a second time."

"I swear, Harmachic! I swear! May everlasting torments, too hideous to be treamed—more hideous even, by far, than

dreamed—more hideous even, by far, than those that wring me now—be my portion if I fail thee in one jot or tittle; ay, even though I wait a lifetime for thy word!"

"'Tis well; see that thou keep the oath—not twice may we betray; I go to work out my fate; abide thou to work out thine. Perchance our divers threads will once more mingle ere the web be spun. Charmion, who unasked didst love me—and who, prompted by that gentle love of thine, didst betray and ruin me—fare thee well!"

Wildly she gazed upon me—she stretched

Wildly she gazed upon me-she strete out her arms as though to clasp me; and then, in the agony of her despair, cast herself at length and groveled upon the



AND THUS I LEFT HUR.

There she lay, with arms outstretch sair streaming down her and her fair brows

And thus I left her; nordid I again set my ves upon her till nine long years had come

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NATURAL CONCLUSIONS.

Two Sane People Who Took Each Other for Incurable Lunatics. People intending to visit an insane asylum must be prepared to meet with curious experiences. An English gentleman tells the following story of his experience on

such an occasion:

"I don't wish to go over the asylum in the usual way," said the visitor, "but to mingle with the patients as if I were a officer, a surgeon, or even one of themselves. By so doing I shall be better enabled to judge of their intellectual state, and of their progress in the direction of sanity."

"With pleasure," said the doctor. "It is Saturday, and we usually have a dance on Saturday night. If you go into the hallon Saturday night. If you go into the ball-room, as we call it, you will see them danc-ing and talking without reserve."

"Would it be objectionable if I—a—da with them?" asked the visitor.

"Not at all," was the reply.

The stranger walked into the ball-room and selecting the prettiest girl he saw for a partner, was soon keeping up a very ani-mated conversation with her. In the course of the evening he said to the doctor:

"Do you know that girl in the white dress with blue spots on it is a very curious case! Pve been talking to her, and I can not for the life and soul of me discover in what di-rection her mental malady lies. Of course I saw at once she was mad—saw it in the

jilted by the Prince Wales, and tried to find out the cause of her lunacy, but could not—she was too artful."

"Very likely," answered the doctor. "You see, she is not a patient; she is one of the house-maids, and as same as you are."

Meantime the pretty housemaid went to her fellow servants and said:

"Have you seen the new patient! He's been dancing with me. A fine, tall man, with heautiful whishers, but as mad as a March hare. He saked me if I wasn't the Queen of England, if a Volunteer hadn't robbed me of a large fortune, and whether the Prince of Wales didn't want to marry me. He is mad. Isn't it a pity—such a fine no more have I to say, save that I me. He is mad. Isn't it a pity—such a fin young man!"—London Telegraph.

MINE OW'NERS GROWING RICH.

Before the Ways and Each of Paci Before the Ways and Essas Committee. The Uncleasurest of Protection on Iron Or —How the People Are Enriching a Fer Men-Like the Baughters of the Horse Leech They Cry, "6 ive, Give!" It is always instruct, ve to compare the condition of any industry as brought ou

in the trade journal and daily papers with its condition as represented before the Ways and Means Committee at

Vashington.

The latest case in point is that of the iron mining industry. Facts have lately come to light which show that the owners of iron mines are piling up immense fortunes. The Pittsburgh Commercial forzette, which is a paper in full sympa-thy with the high protectionists, printed recently the following piece of news: "The earnings of some of the Lake Superior iron ore companies have been something phenomenal during the past few months. One company with a capi-tal stock of \$500,000 is reported to have cleared in fifteen months over \$700,000, or considerable more than the entire capital. Stock at the par value of \$25 has gone up until it is held at \$175 a share, which is not at all strange when the earning capacity of the company is

considered."

Here is an increase of 600 per cen in the value of the property of men who say they need protection still for their infant industry, and that they can not compete with the ores of far-away Spain. What cost them one dollar to buy is now worth seven dollars; and every dollar they put into the property

now yields \$1.12 a year.
One would think that men who rear such profits would be able to protect their own labor instead of asking Congress to pass laws to protect it. They patiently gather up the statistics of the wages paid to miners in Spain and carry these figures to Mr. McKinley's committhese figures to Mr. Mckinley's commit-tee to prove that the American miner needs protection from the distant Span-iard. The men who make these great profits out of their iron miners told Mr. McKinley that they were "decidedly in favor of building up our own country,"
Of course they are! Who would not
be in favor of building up his own country when that country gives him laws which enable him to make more than one hundred per cent. on his money? But these iron mines in the North-west are not entirely "domestic industries." It is said that about one-fourth of their product is taken from mines owned by a body of capitalists in Berlin, Germany, called the Schlesinge syndicate. These shrewd Germans have een that the Americans are a peculiar people who tax themselves in order that heir mine owners may have a soft snap and grow rich, and so they determined to have a finger in the ple too and get some of the good things that we are passing around every year under the de-lusion that it all goes to "American labor." The Germans saw their chance, formed a syndicate and bought up a number of these mines; and they, too, are growing rich under the beautiful system of protection to infant indus

Another company which is reaping enormous profits out of iron mines is the Metropolitan Iron and Land Company of Michigan, a large part of the stock of which is owned in Massachusetts. In January a dividend of twentysix per cent. was paid by this company; on April 20 a further dividend of twelve per cent. was paid; and in addition to this a stock dividend of twenty-five per cent. was declared at the same time. That is to say, instead of paying out the full dividend in money, the stock of each stockholder was increased by twenty-five per cent. Future dividends basis of the stock thus watered; and the possible.

dividends which are paid will, by this The only excuse for raising the duty paid for. That is one way to diguise protection they continue to vote to the

mine-owners. If we sum up now the dividends paid out by this company, including the stock dividend, we get a total of thirteen per cent. The shares of the company com mown there have been no recent sales People who have such a good thing, and public so ready to tax itself for their penefit, do not readily part with their property. They have the best Bessemer are in the country—this ore being what s used in producing steel. The demand or the ores of this company is so great that the larger part of the product for this year is already sold in advance.

And who is it that is paying the money

to enrich these ore companies? The consumer, of course. The steel manufacturer buys the ore and when he sells the finished steel the cost for the ore must be covered, and a cost for the ore must be covered, and a handsome profit must be kept by him for manufacturing the steel. The steel is then made into a thousand forms of machinery, many of which find their way to the farm, many to the work-shop; but wherever they go they carry with them the increased price originally put on the ore at the mines by the working of our tariff laws. It is the same old story over again of the enrichment of the few control of the few countries. The steel is the same of the extent to which chean tin-plate is used for packages and cans, but some idea can be had from the fact that the official statistics give the exports of beef, salmon, matches, gunpowder and other explosives, spices, lard, fancy goods, cosmetics, patent medicines, fish, oysters and painters colors, prepared cocos, vegetables, milk and fruits, the value of \$77, or at the mines by the working of our tariff laws. It is the same old story over again of the extent to which chean tin-plate is used for packages and cans, but some idea can be had from the fact that the official statistics give the exports of beef, salmon, matches, gunpowder and other explosives, spices, lard, fancy goods, cosmetics, patent medicines, fish, oysters and petroleum, paints and painters colors, prepared cocos, vegetables, milk and fruits, the value of \$77, or at the mines by the working of our tariff laws. It is the same old story over again of the extent to which chean tin-plate is used for packages and cans, but some idea can be had from the official statistics give the exports of beef, salmon, matches, gunpowder and other explosives, spices, lard, fancy goods, cosmetics, patent medicines, fish, oysters and petroleum, patent medicines, fish, oysters and petroleum, patent medicines, fish, oysters and petroleum, spices, lard, fancy goods, cosmetics, patent medicines, fish, oysters and petroleum, patent medicines, fish, oyster to the farm, many to the work-shop; but wherever they go they carry with them the increased price originally put on the tariff laws. It is the same old story over again of the enrichment of the few at the expense of the many. The blessings of nature fall into the hands of the rich, and we proceed to make these blessings greater by adding the blessing of protection. As if the strong were not sufficiently strong already, we sap the strength of the weak in order to make the strong still stronger. There is not a plow, a harrow, or a harrestee of the same old start of the strong that the strong still stronger. vester, or a threshing machine, or any other farm machinery, into which iron as ten thousand springs and brooks make one great river, so the contributions of ten thousand farmers and other consum ers find their way into the great stream of dividends which flows into the pockets of iron and steel companies. In view of the great profits of the

mine-owners, it was thought by many that the duty of 75 cents a ton on ore ought to be removed. The manufacturers of New England particularly were anxious to have this done, and petitioned the committee to that effect. The iron industries of New England have for several years been in a languishing condi-tion. The freight charges on ores from interior points have been such as to render business unprofitable, and many establishments have closed up, or re-moved away to more favored localities. The manufacturers of New England

England, engaged in the various for of manufact, ire which use iron, united in a petition to the Ways and Means Committee asking to have free ore and coal. It is needle, to say that the petition was not grant. d.

It is interesting to compare the reports of great profits in iron mining just described with the statements mide by the mine-owners and others before the Ways and Means Committee. Three men took what they called "a broader view of the what they called "a broader view of the question" than that taken by New England, and one of their number kept saying they wanted to be alone. Mr. George H. Ely, of Cleveland, O., who is president of the Western Iron Ore Association, was before the committee to oppose any reduction of the duty on iron ore. Although this gentleman confessed that he had been in the business for thirty years, it was found impossible to get him to make any definite statement of the cost of mining a ton of iron ore, or of the cost of labor per ton. It was found equally of labor per ton. It was found equally impossible to get at the value of ore lands. One fact of interest, however, was brought out. It was admitted that the freight from Marquette, Mich., had fallen from 83 a ton twelve years ago to \$1.25 a ton last year. This is a saving

of \$1.75 a ton.

Now, if the mine-owners could operate their mines twelve years ago at a profit, paying 83 a ton for freight, how much greater must those profits be to-day, with freight at \$1.25 a ton? Again, as the owners of mines have saved \$1.75 a ton on their ore, how much would they suffer now by removing the duty of 75 cents a ton.

It was further shown before the com mittee-but this time by an Eastern man who wants free iron ores—that the duty of 75 cents a ton would not pay the railroad freight on imported ores to a point more than 100 miles west of New York, and that the free foreign ores could, therefore, in no case compete with the Western ores.

Mr. Ely said that he did not want

things too cheap; and the great profits of the Western companies, already re-ferred to, show that the Michigan mine owners have nothing to complain of on that score.

THE TIN-PLATE TAX.

One of the Most Outrageous Changes in the One of the most outrageous and unnecessary changes in the tariff is the proposed increase of the duty on tin-We do not manufacture one pound of tin-plate, but get our supply from Wales, where nearly all the tin-plate for the whole world is made. The proposed tax is two and one-fifth cents a pound. The total amount collected last year from this source was \$7,400,000 and when the new bill goes into effect this tax will be about sixteen million dollars, provided the quantity imported remain the same.

The great development of the canning

industry in this country has resulted in a great increase in our purchases of tinplate, our importations last year being some three million pounds more than in

This tin-plate comes to us in boxes, which cost on an average \$3.42. On a box of the usual size the present duty is \$1.08, makidg the entire cost of the box \$4.50. Under the McKinley bill such a box would pay \$3.37; and the entire cos would then be \$5.79.

Tin-plate has three principal uses: It is used for roofing; for making fruit, vegetable and meat cans, and for making household and kitchen utensils. The great extent of its use makes almost every man, woman and child directly will, of course, be calculated upon the interested in keeping it as cheap as

dividends which are paid will, by this watering process, be disguised in such a way that the people will, not be able to see at once what vast profits they are helping these mine-owners to make. The stockholders pay were put on. Of course Mr. Cronein not one cent of extra money, and yet | meyer got what he wanted, for Mr. Mc they will receive dividends hereafter Kinley and his associates are quite upon one fourth more of stock than they ready to tax all the people of the country for the benefit of one, two or three men-any Tom, Dick or Harry who can speak eloquently about what a good thing it would be for the country to pro-

But the makers of tin-cans have no relished the proposed increase, and in various cities they have vigorously promand an enormous premium. The par tested against it. The manufacturers value is \$25, and the last sale which is in Philadelphia have this to say in their known was for \$85. But so far as is protest:

"Tin-plate is a part of every household in some shape or form, solely on account of its cheapness, and more so by the poorer and working class than by those who are more well-to-do; and a further tax on it, therefore, becomes a direct tax on every individual, as he will either be obliged to use it in some shape or form, or will pay the higher cost of its substitute. To increase the duty, therefore, means that every household shall be taxed; that industries nations to our country, representing millions of dollars and employing hundreds of thousands of hands, shall be crippled, embarrassed, and perhaps ruined, simply in order that a few iron or steel manufacturers may be put in a position to experiment in the manufacture of this commodity.

equest that no advance shall be made in the present rate of duty." The committee was shrewd enough to or steel enters, that does not take out of the farmer's pocket the protected mine-owner's and steel-maker's per cent.; and will be held next fall, and it might prove hazardous to pile on all thes high taxes at once.

Protection Has Killed the Manufacture o There is not a yard of fine broadcloth manufactured in the United States. The industry has been "protected" into its grave. It flourished in the days of free wool, and it was an American mill that took the first prize at the Crystal Palace exhibition in London in 1881. But now, under our senseless policy of taxing raw material, it has vanished. So the farmer is deprived of a market for his work workmen find the market for their labor curtailed just so much, the consumers suffer, absolutely no one is benefited— and yet, protection is supposed to build

-A delegation of cigar manufacture think that if they could get free ore, of Pennsylvania recently addressed Mr. and free coal for their furnaces, they could hold their own and McKinley's committee in opposition to could hold their own and an increase in the duty on tobacco.

NEGROES IN THE SOUTH. med by the White P

The resolution adopted by the conference of Southern negroes in session in Atlanta are worthy of the serious attention of the white people. For the first time in many years the negro leaders have seen proper, when assembled in convention for the purpose of discussing their affairs, to come out from under the overwhelming shadow of partisan politics. It is not only a promising sign, but it is one which the white people ought to welcome. It is an evidence that after many years of extreme, but excasable foolishness—after many years of political experiment—they have at last come back to the real starting point.

Heretofore the negroes have persisted in viewing their situation here as pure-ly political in its character, and, followwho have no real sympathy with them, have abused the whites and held them responsible for the crimes and outrage committed by drunken or irresponsible individuals. That the negroes have been misled in this matter, and in various other matters, has been the result of circumstances over which they have had little or no control. It was not to be expected that they would start on their new career of citizenship fully equipped with judgment, prudence and knowledge; and we have often felt that the attitude of the negroes to-day is partly due to the fact that in the first days of freedom their old masters per-mitted them to drift away into the ands of alien adventurers and corrup-

It is, therefore, very gratifying to observe that the negroes who assembled in convention in Atlanta, instead of turning the gathering into a partisan political affair, and calling on the Republicans and the Government to rush o their aid, invoked the sympathy and whites of the South. We may say that it is an appeal that will not be made in vain. The sensible and conservative tone of the resolutions will command attention and sympathy, and the appeal is one to which the responsible and representative people of the South will be quick to respond.

There has never been any doubt of

the South's attitude in regard to the outrages committed on the negroes by irresponsible and cowardly whites; but the best friends of the negroes have been handicapped and obstructed by the fact that every collision of whateve nature between whites and blacks has been given a political flavor by the professed friends of the negro, and the publican partisans have placed the whole South on the defensive against wholesale charges, the bulk of them manufactured out of whole cloth.

From first to last the Constitution, epresenting the South, and voicing its feelings to the best of its ability, has endeavored to convince the negroes that the white people of this section are their hest and truest friends, and we have never failed to denounce in fitting terms the cowardly spirit that prompts a

white man to impose on a negro. Henry Grady spoke for the whole South when he said: "As for the white people of the South, there is but one thing for them to do. That is to do right. To protect the negro in his rights-to give him justice, and friendship, and counsel. To punish those who wrong him. To hold this course to the very last." Again Mr. Grady spoke for the South, when, with almost his latest breath, he said, speaking of the negro: "From the grave comes a voice saying, 'Follow him! Put your arms bout him in his need, even as He put his arms about me! Be his friend, as he was mine!" And out into this new world-strange to me as to him-daz-zling, bewildering to both-I follow.

Here the eloquence of the orator, in a few burning words, has pictured the not a rarity in San Domingo. n of citizenship-namely, that his relations with the whites are far beyond and above partisan politics.-Atlanta

DANA MADE AN ISSUE.

Mr. Cleveland. The desperate desire of the protecionists to divert public attention from the tariff question is singularly illusland's weight. Even if they had been true, the stories are such as could not have found their way into any decent newspaper. A reporter of the World was sent to inquire if Mr. Cleveland had any thing to say in response to these stories. Mr. Cleveland wrote out and handed to the reporter a paragraph, saying that he had not seen the article, as he never reads the Sun, but that he judged from what the reporter told him that the editor of the Sun had at last hit on a subject that he supposed would annoy him (Cleveland). The reporter pub-lished this as merely part of a long interview, in which Mr. Cleveland was represented as denouncing Mr. Dana in language that was at once vigorous and Mr. Cleveland repudiated the inter-

ditorially declared that it was con vinced that its reporter had misrepre sented , the ex-President. The Sun which had already replied to the alleged denunciation of its editor in language as vituperative as that attributed to Mr. Cleveland, pretended to believe the re-porter and intimated that Mr. Cleveland and the editor of the World were both lying about the matter. The Republican papers have eagerly accepted the Sun's idea and a weekly paper, pub-lished by a firm in which President Harlished by a firm in which Pre rison's son is a partner, prints conspicu ously a letter in which the reporter says that Mr. Cleveland said all that he attributed to him and roundly cursed Mr. Dana. The correspondent himself, however, makes it plain that the written memorandum is all that he had authority to publish as coming from Mr. Cleveland; and that the other things he printed are merely his recollections of an alleged private conversation between himself and Mr. Cleveland. That is to say, he confesses himself a blackguard in order to show that he is not a liar. The public is not likely to believe such man when his word is pitted against hat of one of the most honest and fearless public men that our country has ever known.

view and the World, after investigation,

The alacrity with which the Republican papers have taken this matter up shows, as we have said, how eager they straw how much it costs t are to escape the discussion of the real ers.—Albany (N. Y.) Argus.

farme in American politics. They can not succeed; but if they could, it would not help them. On the sole and naked issue that he had cursed Charles A. Dans, and denounced him as a malicious liar and inveterate backguard, any man of fair abilities could be elected Predent of the United States by a pract cally unanimous vote of the college.—Chicago Standard.

IN A TIGHT PLACE.

The Republican party came into pow-er burdened with obligations which it finds itself unable to discharge, and the most difficult problem it now has to solve to how to reward its friends and pay even a small part of its political debts without raining the country. When out of power it promised every thing to every body; but there is not money enough to go around, and as no one is willing to be left out of the disis willing to be left out of the dis-tribution, or even to reduce his claim, the situation has become quite serious. It has promised the tax-payers that it would reduce taxation, and it has prom-ised the soldiers and the subsidy hunt-ers that it would increase the expendi-tures. It can not do both, and it dare not refuse to do either. It has promised the friends of silver that it will help them to remove the restrictions again. them to remove the restrictions now im posed by law upon the coinage of that metal, and it has promised the advo-cates of the gold standard that it would do nothing to depreciate the value or interfere with the stability of our currency. In a vain effort to keep both of these pledges, it proposes to convert the Treasury Department into a warehouse for the storage of silver bullion, and to issue receipts to be med as money. This is the only new financial policy it has so far developed, but its resources are not yet exhausted, and if the demands of the discontented become sufficiently strong, we may have paper promises to pay issued upon deposits of wheat and corn, or upon farm mort-gages. It will be difficult to satisfy the plundered and impoverished farmer that his claim upon the bounty of the Government is not as just as the claims of the prosperous owner of silver mines or the wealthy owner of ships.—Ex-Speaker Carlisle, in Forum.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

-Why should the Republicans not nominate Matthew Stanley Quay for President? He is a bigger man than Harrison, and would suit his party exactly.-Charleston News and Courier.

—Mr. Clarkson's appeal to his fol-lowers to read none but Republican newspapers is like the mother's petition to her offspring to shut his eyes and swallow the castor oil at a single gulp -Chicago News.

-Matt Quay has been firmly established in the confidence of Republican leaders. His dishonesty has been so clearly proved that he will never again be distrusted by Republican statesmen.

—Savannah (Ga.) News.

——If Mr. Harrison could see himself

as others see him there is one appointment he would make without an instant's delay. He would appoint a re-ceiver for his Administration.-N. X. Commercial Advertiser.

-Murat Halstead is again distinguishing himself as the most eminent fly-gobbler in the United States by giving his editorial indorsement to the political characters of Matthew S. Quay and Thomas C. Platt.—Providence Journal. -A curb-stone reporter avouches

that Washington drinkers no longer
"take a drink," or "take a smile," bus
they "patronize the buffet," they "stop
at Shoreham," or, to put it more briefly and more mildly, they "Mortonize. N. Y. Voice. John S. Dunham, a negro of Phil-And may God forget my people when they forget these!"

— John S. Dunham, a negro of Philadelphia, has been appointed by the President Consul at San Domingo.

colored people a few good offices in this country?—N. Y. World. -If Mr. Harrison throws Mr. Quay

overboard the little man from Indiana might as well give up all hopes of ever being President again. Without the help of Fry-the-Fat Quay Mr. Harrison could not have been elected in the first place before his qualities were known. -Chicago Herald.

-Murat Halstead has con trated by the eagerness with which the defense of Senator Quay with the state-Republicate papers have backed up the ment that "he is one of the quietest New York Sun's blackguard assaults on men he ever met." That seems to be ex-President Cleveland. That paper an entirely safe estimate of the man. has recently been publishing coarse and disgusting falsehoods concerning an alleged enormous increase in Mr. Clevelikely to say it under Mr. Quay's provocation.-Minneapolis Journal.

-The McKinley bill puts up the tax on chimneys for students' lamps from 45 to 450 per cent. This is not right but it is cute. The Republican party does well to discourage study. He who studies finds out what a fraud protec-tion is. "The colleges," moan the protectionists, "are engaged in manufa uring free traders."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

work together in the fields, at the forge, in the furnaces and in the workshops There are negro farmers, negro lawyers, negro teachers and negro busines There are negro contractors, and the are full of negroes. This is the state of things in the South to-day; but is it true of the North?-Atlanta Constitu-

-The Benjamin Harrison War Veteran Association of Brooklyn, 700 strong, has repudiated the Harrison Administration and changed its name to eran Association of Kings County. The cause of this action was cited in a set that Harrison is only a dummy, and the whole Administration an enemy to the war veteran, in the matter of Federal appointments.-Chicago Post.

The Hour-Lodge Boodle Bill. Senator Hoar and Congressman Lodge, of Massachusetts, are very anxious to put the control of Congressional elec-tions, and, indeed, all State affairs, into the hands of the Harrison Administration. Apart from the revolutionary, autocratic, unconstitutional nature of the scheme, the taxpayers will be interested in knowing that Mr. Lodge's bill alone involves at each election an expenditure of \$3,000,000, and it would not influence the result of the election in more than half a dozen districts. Here is something for Republican Senator and Congressmen to ponder over. Is the game worth the candle, as the French would say? Yet this rulnous scheme is being vigorously pushed in Congress. The Republican leaders are straw bow much it costs the tax-pay-